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MR. KIPLING AS A CUB REPORTER

"One day, back yonder in the discard of years—it was less than twenty years ago, if you're asking for exactness—when I got down to the city room of the Chronicle office in San Francisco—I was a reporter on the paper—I noticed sitting over in a corner with his hands thrust a bit gloomily into the pockets of his somewhat shabby sack coat a little, runty, bristly haired man, with a pair of large but weak-looking eyes masked by the lenses of an enormous pair of spectacles," said a newspaper man, now employed in Washington, who has labored in so many widely strewn vineyards that he can't remember the names of some of them.

"The runty man with the big spectacles looked just about as unhappy as a new reporter usually looks when he's sitting around a city room waiting for his first assignment.

"I'd tell you the name of the city editor, only I'm going to call him a grouch and a crab, and so I won't be personal. He was a fine city editor all proper enough, but he had one awful soreness on the world and everybody in it, including himself. He was just an old-fashioned two-handed city editor with a kick in each hand, that's all; so let it go at that.

"The Chronicle had a pretty big city staff then, as it always has had. The city editor called the reporters up in turn and dished out their assignments. He had a growl for each of 'em about the stuff they had in the paper that morning. The stuff was inadequate, idiotic, incomplete or some thing—that city editor had a wallop for each of them as they lounged up to his desk; and one man, who had been beat on an inconsequential feature of the previous day's sizeable story by one of the other papers, got a sure-enough jolting from the crabbed city editor. But the jolting one only grinned. We were all used to the old man and his ravings didn't scare very deeply.

"The little new man with the large spectacles took it all in with a mouth agape. He sat in his corner and quivered his nervous hands in his shabby sack coat pocket and waited for his assignment. His turn came when all of the other men had been provided with stunts. Then the city editor looked up with his customary glare from his horribly heaped up desk and glanced over at the new man.

"Kipling—er—Kipling—Kipling—oh, yes, Kipling—Kipling's right isn't it," the city editor growled at the new man.

"Yes, Kipling's right," said the new man, getting to his feet and walking over to the city editor's desk.

"Know anything about crooked financial stuff?" the city editor asked the new man.

"A bit," briefly replied the new man. "But maybe I don't know much about the American kind."

"Well, you can pick it up, can't you?" demanded the city editor, aggressively. "This is America, you know. It's not—or—Australia, or Samoa, or—where is it they tell me you've been working on the papers?"

"In India," replied the runty man, who didn't seem to have much of a gift for gab. But he smiled rather an engaging smile over the almost comic crustiness of the city editor.

"Oh, India, hey?" grunted the city editor. "India, huh? What kind of newspapers have they got in India? Pretty rotten, I suppose?"

"Oh, they're not so bad," replied the new man. "Different from the newspapers here, of course. But not so rotten bad, really."

"Huh!" commented the city editor. "Well, see here, Kipling—I mean Kipling—how the deuce did you get a name like that?—makes me think of herring, you know," and the city editor grinned sardonically at his witticism, or near-witticism; "see here, Kipling, there's a fake mining concern doing business—selling punk mining stock, that is—down at this address," and he handed the scribbled address to the new man. "Trot down there and have a talk with the manager of the fake concern. Feel him out. See what he has to say. We're going to uncover him. Not yet, maybe, but when we've got him cinched. Size him up. Get his idea. Look him over. Then report back to me."

"The new man nodded.

"Er—what's your full name?" inquired the city editor, producing the little book in which he inscribed the names of the always coming and going reporters.

"Rudyard Kipling," said the new man.

"Rud—Rud—what?" asked the city editor.

"Rudyard; R-u-d-y-a-r-d, Rudyard," said the new man, spelling it and smiling his decidedly winning smile.

"Gosh, that's the peculiar little name, so to speak, that I ever did stack up against," mumbled the city editor as he wrote it down in his little book. "How can anybody be expected to remember a name like that?"

"Joke, wasn't it? Because you know there are such a lot of folks who do know and remember that name, eh?"

"Well, that was Kipling's first assignment on the Chronicle. He chafed it fairly well, considering how dead new that sort of stuff was to him. If he's covered the fake mining stock story with a crackerjack's ability, of course I mean the ability of a crackerjack, news-nosey reporter—it would have been all the same to that city editor; he'd have growled any way. He did growl over the way Kipling covered his first story; he growled over the way everybody covered stories. Kipling took the growling in good part, like the rest of us. It was a part of the game—and Kipling always did know how to play the game, you've got to hand that to him.

"Kipling was on the Chronicle for about five weeks. He did a little of all kinds of reporting during his stay there. He had his whack at the city hall, day police, night police, the hotels, ship news, that whole thing.

"His work as a reporter wasn't bad, but it was far from being first rate. He wasn't keen for that kind of work. In fact, he hated it. I came to know him pretty well—as well as anybody comes to know a man so habitually reticent and shy—and he more than intimated to me that he disliked the work.

"But he stuck around on the job as long as he could stomach it. His assignment to cover ship news on the day off of the regular ship news man gave him an idea, which he hesitatingly propounded to the city editor.

"The idea was this: Kipling had discovered that the water front of San Francisco was the most picturesque water front on earth in the variety of types it offered; for Robert Louis Stevenson had the water front of San Francisco in mind when he called San Francisco the 'melting pot of nations.' The color, the atmosphere of the San Francisco water front appealed to Kipling, a born cosmopolite, and he suggested to the city editor that, in his opinion, some quite entertaining water front stories could be worked up for the local pages. He suggested that he'd write one or two of them and hand them in, so that the city editor could judge if he'd care for that kind of stuff.

"The city editor sat down on the idea hard.

"Tush!" he said. "We're not looking for fine writing here. Your idea is to just sit down and write, and not go hunt for stuff, isn't it? That would be pretty easy, eh? Well, we don't care for that sort of thing. A water front is a water front the world over, and a water front is a pretty dirty job, anyway you take it. Forget it."

"And Kipling walked back to his desk and waited for a regular assignment.

"Think of what a newspaper would be willing to pay, if it only 'could know' for exclusive water-front stories written by Rudyard Kipling! But how could the city editor have known? In fact, however, this city editor was dead ag'in the kind of writing that Kipling naturally fell into. Whenever the city editor caught sight of the literary vein that Kipling couldn't help indulge in, even in writing his ordinary stories, he'd growl and call Kipling up and ask him if he thought he was working for the Forum or the North American Review.

"Kipling stood the gaff as long as he could, and it was a pretty irksome gaff too. All of this time Kipling had in his pocket a letter to the managing editor of the Chronicle which he hadn't yet presented. When he found that he'd never be able to tolerate the reporting work he decided to present this letter to the Chronicle's managing editor for the purpose of asking for a chance to write specials for the Sunday paper; fiction and the like.

"He did present his letter to the managing editor, a brusque busy man. "Want to write stories for the Sunday, eh?" said the managing editor to Kipling. "What kind of stories?"

"Well," replied Kipling, "I know a lot about the army in India, and—"

"The managing editor laughed. "Now, what d'ye suppose the people of California care about the army in India?" he inquired, still chuckling. "Still I'll look at your stuff. Got any of the stories with you?"

"Kipling had one of the stories with him and he left it with the managing editor. Now, don't laugh. But d'ye know what story that was that Kipling left with the managing editor of the Chronicle that time? Why, it was the story—'you've read it in 'Soldiers Three' about a thousand times, I presume—about the lonesomeness of Private Ortheris, and how Private Mulvaney comforted Ortheris out of his lonesomeness; one of the great and wonderful stories in the English language, that's all.

"A day or so later the managing editor called Kipling into his room and handed him back this story with a smile and told Kipling that there wasn't anything essentially interesting about it and that India was a long distance from Market street, anyway, and that, moreover, the story wasn't quite up to the paper's standard for stuf of that sort.

"Kipling left San Francisco a few

days later.
"I've told you some exact facts. But it's all a kind of a dreary joke, eh?"

WEEKLY WEATHER BULLETIN.
For the Week ended Nov. 27, 1909.
Honolulu, T. H., Nov. 29, 1909.
GENERAL SUMMARY.

The rainfall was very light throughout the Section, and all stations having a record of ten years or more report a deficiency in the average weekly amount, and as a rule the deficiency was marked. The amount of average weekly rainfall on the Island of Hawaii was the least in years, while on the Island of Oahu it was the smallest since the summer of 1908.

The following are the departures from the average of ten or more years, in inches, in the different districts of the several Islands—all deficiencies: Hawaii—North Kohala 0.58 to 1.17, Hamakua 1.53, North Hilo 2.91 to 3.69, South Hilo 2.69 to 4.39, Kau, and Puna 1.40 to 1.47, and North Kona 1.02; Maui—Makawao 0.89, and Lahaina 0.47; Oahu—Koolauloa 0.87; Koolau 1.32 to 1.59, Honolulu 1.17, Ewa 7.70, and Waimea 0.66; Kauai—Kawahau 0.65, Koloa 1.14, and Waimea 0.55.

The following are the total amounts,

in inches, for the week in the several districts: Hawaii—North Kohala 0.04 to 0.59, Hamakua 0.00, North Hilo 0.17, South Hilo 0.08 to 0.36, Puna 0.48, Kau 0.04, South Kona 0.00, and North Kona 0.02; Maui—Makawao 0.69 to 1.17, Hana 0.04, and Wailuku, and Lahaina 0.00—one station in the Hana district reporting the highest rainfall in years; Oahu—Koolauloa 0.10, Koolau 0.07 to 0.17, Honolulu trace, and Ewa and Waianae 0.00. Kauai—Lihue and Kawahau 0.11 to 0.15, Koloa 0.09 to 0.34, and Waimea 0.04; and Molokai—Molokai 0.37.

Mean temperatures markedly higher than those of the preceding week were reported from the windward side of Oahu, the Kawahau and Lihue districts of Kauai, the Molokai district of Molokai, in the Makawao, Hana and Wailuku districts of Maui and in portions of the Hamakua district of Hawaii. The only deficiency exceeding 1.0 deg. was reported from the Kau district of Hawaii.

The following table shows the weekly averages of temperature and rainfall for the principal Islands and for the Group:

	Temperature.	Rainfall.
Hawaii	72.2 deg.	0.16 inch.
Maui	72.9 deg.	0.26 inch.

Oahu	73.9 deg.	0.06 inch.
Kauai	73.0 deg.	0.15 inch.
Molokai	75.6 deg.	0.37 inch.

Entire group... 72.9 deg. 0.17 inch.

At the local office of the United States Weather Bureau in Honolulu clear weather, and light smoke in the early morning, generally obtained, with traces of rainfall on three dates, 1.17 inches below the weekly normal, and 0.01 inch less than last week's. The maximum temperature was 81 deg., minimum 66 deg., and mean 74.5 deg., 1.6 deg. higher than the normal, and 0.9 deg. above that of the preceding week. The mean daily relative humidity varied from 60 to 72 per cent, and the mean for the week was 66.6 per cent. Northeast winds prevailed on four days, and east on the remaining, with an average hourly velocity of 6.7 miles. The mean daily barometer ranged from 30.00 to 30.10 inches, and the mean for the week, 30.05, was 0.09 inch above the normal.

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